

THE LITTON

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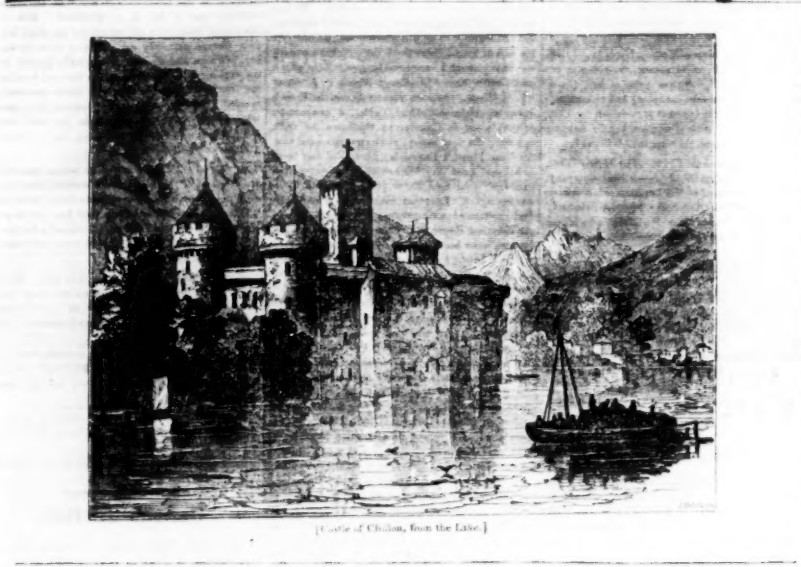
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESTNUT STREET.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1846.

WHOLE NO. 1293.



(Portrait of Chillon, from the Lake.)

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

WRITTEN FOR THE LITTON BY HARRY BEAUMONT.

This relic of the feudal age is situated on Lake Lemane, a short distance from Geneva, Switzerland. It is celebrated in history, romance and song. Within its gloomy dungeons, patriots have been imprisoned for the sake of their country, and the traveler can still see the stone door which was the entrance to the prison. In the middle of the lake, a small boat is seen, and the boatman is seen to be a man of a stern and determined countenance. The boat is small and the man is dressed in a simple, dark coat. The boatman is seen to be a man of a stern and determined countenance. The boat is small and the man is dressed in a simple, dark coat.

Original Tales.

HARRY BEAUMONT.

OR,

The Young Chaudron.

WRITTEN FOR THE LITTON BY HARRY BEAUMONT.

The gray and faint light of a cold and misty evening, in the early part of the month of November, was hurrying the children of the house of Chillon, to their beds. The weather that day had been cold and rainy, and the children were all shivering with cold. The mother, who was a woman of a stern and determined countenance, was seen to be a woman of a stern and determined countenance. The mother was seen to be a woman of a stern and determined countenance. The mother was seen to be a woman of a stern and determined countenance.

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spence in the department of domestic education. But these best known to fashion, and in this country the reputation of the female character. Chance finally made him acquainted with a Madame F., a widow lady of good birth, but who from her early widowhood, had been obliged to take charge of a select number of young ladies. In her establishment he found the time of retirement and the comfort of a well regulated home, and with every advantage for the most finished education, and in Madame F., personally, all the qualities he could desire. Her manners and her conversation evinced the refinement and the cultivation of the lady, and the elevated religious principles of her heart, and her elevated religious principles.

He finally learned the history of his young charge, requesting secrecy with regard to the obscurity of her extraction, and that little Mary should be introduced to her companions as his ward, and not her kindred and sympathized into the knowledge of her early orphanhood. Indeed it would have been difficult to speak the language of unkindness or reproach to the gentle, sympathetic creature who looked with such bright and loving eyes on the strange face of her new home. And there, for the present, we leave her and return to her youthful guardian.

All the elegance and luxuries that wealth and taste could command were now to be found in the beautiful establishment of Harry Beaumont. His house was now a place of great elegance and taste, and he was now a man of a stern and determined countenance. The mother was seen to be a woman of a stern and determined countenance. The mother was seen to be a woman of a stern and determined countenance.

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Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES

OF THE OLD WORLD.

NUMBER FIFTY-THREE.

THREE DAYS AMONG THE APPENINOS—A MORNING SCENE—PELLAGO—MOUNTAIN AND MONASTERY OF VALLON.

BRUNNEN—MONKISH HOSPITALITY—A GLANCE OVER TUSCANY—THE LITTLE PARADISE—CHURCH OF THE MONASTERY—NAMES—SUNSET AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Flower, September 10, 1845.

We returned yesterday afternoon from an excursion to Vallombrosa and the Appennines. As it has been one of the most delightful trips I have made in Europe, I hasten to transcribe an account of it while every incident is fresh in my memory. We were early, taking the way that led from the Porta della Croce, up the north bank of the Arno. It was a bright, fresh morning, but there was a shade of vapor on the hills which a practical eye might have taken as a prognostic of the rain which was to come. The clouds were driving into the city in their basket wagons, and there were many young faces among them, that made me think Italian beauty was not altogether in the imagination.

After walking three or four miles, we entered the Appennines, leaving all the softness of the Arno, and more than half dried up from the long summer. The mountains were covered with vineyards, growing with their wealth of white and purple grapes, but the vines were not yet ripe, and we passed through the little town of Poggio a Caiano, at the entrance of a wide and fertile valley, and we saw the Arno made more beautiful by the reflection of the sky. The valley was a beautiful one, and we saw the Arno made more beautiful by the reflection of the sky. The valley was a beautiful one, and we saw the Arno made more beautiful by the reflection of the sky.

The little town is among the Appennines, at the foot of the mountain of Vallombrosa. The town is a beautiful one, and we saw the Arno made more beautiful by the reflection of the sky. The valley was a beautiful one, and we saw the Arno made more beautiful by the reflection of the sky.

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Varieties.

REMARKS BY GEORGE. The following anecdote of the Hon. W. C. Preston, is from a contemporary.

Some years ago, among a thousand of others, we were listening to one of his splendid harangues, from the stump. Beside me was one as deaf as I am, in consequence of catching cold, and he was not able to hear the orator's lips. The train of thought would not follow his cheeks, and now in a moment of silence he would shout out, "I have heard it!" and then he would be silent again. The orator, who was a man of a stern and determined countenance, was seen to be a man of a stern and determined countenance. The orator was seen to be a man of a stern and determined countenance. The orator was seen to be a man of a stern and determined countenance.

Original Poetry.

THOUGHTS AT TWILIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE LITTON BY HARRY BEAUMONT.

BY TWILIGHT.

Twilight is coming.

Shadows are coming.

On forest and hill.

Shadows are coming.

On forest and hill.

Shadows are coming.

On forest and hill.

Shadows are coming.

On forest and hill.

Shadows are coming.

On forest and hill.

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